

## The Hollywood Buzz

“Three for *Wonder Woman*, please.” I slid my card across the counter to the pimply-faced teenage boy working there, who eyed my companions and I with that tiny twinkle of envy we men all knew.

“He means one,” my friend Cathy amended. “We can pay for our own tickets, Robert. After all, you *said* this movie’s all about female empowerment.”

“And we wouldn’t want to be hypocritical,” said Ruby, unconsciously sexy with her mild Russian accent. She probably would’ve been fine letting me pay since she’d made it clear she didn’t want to be here anyway. *Superhero movies are for 9-year-olds*, I believe had been her words when I’d proposed coming here.

No matter. She’d come, which was good enough for me. The girls each paid for their own ticket – which they might regret, no doubt, if they’d remember anything of what was to come – and we made our way into the theater. We each showed our ID to get into the adults section of the theater (oh the happy day when I’d reached that age!) and found ourselves a three-seater booth. I took the spot on the end for now and let the girls chit-chat; they were discussing whether or not a beautiful woman in a skimpy costume could be empowering, like they had been ever since they’d agreed to come.

“I think since she chose to wear it rather than being forced to, then it’s totally fine,” Cathy was arguing. I pictured Cathy in the costume, her trim Asian body jutting out in all the right places.

“Chose to? That costume was designed by men, for men, and the suits are just stoked they found some woman willing to wear it. The whole thing is just spank material for adolescent boys,” Ruby said contemptuously.

“What, so I’m too old?” I teased. Ruby just rolled her eyes and droned about how I was making her point while I tuned her out to people watch. Seated in the back row as we were, I figured I could raise the privacy partitions later, but for now, I wanted to see who was along for the ride.

It wound up being a pretty full theater – lots of intergender couples, probably an even mix of dates and friend-dates. (Not that relationship status would make much difference in a few minutes.) A ways in front of us sat a quintet of dude-bros, guffawing to one another as they raved about “how smokin’ hot Wonder Woman’s tits are gonna look” and how she “could make a man come faster than a speeding bullet.” Classy. Ruby used them as exemplars of her point. Directly in front of us was what appeared to be a mother and her three teenage daughters, each gamely sporting some bit of Wonder Woman gear. I wondered if they were actually old enough to meet the “adult” threshold.

(Good-looking as they were, obviously the ID checker would’ve let them through anyway.)

My palms were sweaty with anticipation as the pre-trailer commercials droned on. Looking around, I could see most guys in the theater similarly anxious for things to get underway. All of us were going through the familiar routine of being patient, not yet saying or doing anything we’d regret later. Hands to ourselves, comments subdued. (Except the bros; they were now loudly discussing which one of Gal Gadot’s holes they’d like to stuff it in first. Mama bear and her three she-cubs were regarding them with undisguised disgust.)

Finally – *finally* – the lights dimmed. Showtime! The other men and I applauded as the theater’s special speakers emitted that faint hum that told us the “Hollywood Buzz” was in effect. All around us the women began to lean back in their seats, glassy eyes soon beginning to stare vacantly as the subsonic pulses did their work.

I’ve always been a fan of the previews, so for now, I ignored Cathy and Ruby as I took in the coming attractions. A few of them actually looked pretty exciting. Episode VIII was due out this winter, and I have to say, it looked amazing. It opened with Rey on her knees, eyes wide in fright as an unseen man – presumably Luke Skywalker from the voice-over – slid his cock into her mouth and then all the way down her throat. *Breathe*, he said. *Just breathe*. There looked to be some other intriguing scenes too. Kylo Ren waving his hand and saying, “you want to whore yourself out to my stormtrooper garrison,” as a bound and naked Rey echoed his words. The Dark Side was legit.

The Thor preview wasn’t as bad either, though I was sad to see Mjolnir destroyed, even if watching it be destroyed was pretty awesome. He threw it full force, but that woman just caught it right between her bare feet. She flexed her toes around it the hammer’s head and it spontaneously shattered. Only the shaft remained, which she gracefully guided to her pussy, fucking herself with it just to taunt him.

Around me, some men were starting to fondle the women. It wasn’t “risky,” per se – the Buzz was already fogging their minds, blocking anything that happened from going to long-term memory – but still, they wouldn’t be receptive to commands or wet enough to fuck until the movie got going.

For me, I just wanted to see what I was getting to play with. Cathy, Ruby and I were good friends, but we all knew they were out of my league when it came to dating. As such, I hadn’t gotten a good look at them since they’d taken me to see the live action *Beauty and the Beast* in March. While Emma Watson was being ravaged by an appropriately beast sized cock in one end and plugged with an elated talking candlestick in the other, I’d been getting double-teamed myself.

(Sometimes Ruby still would spontaneously start singing “Be Our Guest,” and it never failed to make me smile, albeit not for the reason she thought.)

As the opening sequences began to roll, I sat back to take in it in. I’d long since learned there was no need to rush.

*“You must train her, Antiope,” the queen commanded. “She was born to be a beacon of lust to the world, and you must make her sexier than any woman before her. You will train her harder than any other. There must be no means of pleasure she has not mastered. Sexier even than you.”*

*The Amazon general bowed, almost as deeply as if the queen had been a man. Her weighty breasts dangled beneath her; the two nipple rings that comprised her “armor” glinting in the sunlight. “It will be as you say my queen. Though it will not be easy without a man on whom to practice.”*

*Every woman present moaned at the reminder of their torment; breasts were fondled, thighs rubbed together, nipples twisted. “We will be dutiful to our masters on Olympus,” said the queen, who forced herself after a moment to stop fingering her clit through her see-through*

*gauzy dress. "We were punished for not knowing our place, banished to this place where there is no man to guide us, nor to grant us the pleasure we all crave. Princess Diana has never even known the taste of a man's cum. When her day comes, she must be ready."*

The inevitable training montage started. I didn't think the director's choice of putting Gal Gadot in pigtails did much to grant her the appearance of youth, but I had to grant it wasn't a bad look on her. As General Antiope put her through her paces, teaching her to fuck using marble statues, training all of her ignorant back-talk out of her to make her the perfect instrument of submission, I was finally ready to have some fun myself.

I began by undressing my two "strictly platonic" friends. They moved to give me access as needed, but didn't aid beyond that. I started with Ruby. That she was hiding such a body behind a loose-fitting flannel and cargo pants should be criminal. She had a pretty enough face, a wild man of wine red hair, her septum piercing lending her a desired aura of bitch that didn't miss the mark.

Off went her flannel, and I remembered anew why it was I put up with her grumping and grouching. Two huge boobs greeted me, nipples already hardening; I couldn't even name their size because Ruby had kept to her Russian tradition of not wearing bras. I gave them a few appreciative squeezes before moving onto the pants.

"Boxers, Ruby? Seriously?"

"I'm sorry," she said in a small voice, her normally fierce accent suddenly the definition of meekness. "May I take them off? I am so horny, Robert."

"You may," I said, pulling her to her feet and taking her spot in the middle seat. With the arm rests recessed down to seat level, we basically had a wide, plush bench to ourselves. Ruby stood, bending at the waist to peel down her boxers and reveal her wet, juicy snatch to me. I wondered if anyone else had fucked it since I'd last been in there.

I sat her back down beside me, draping an arm around her shoulder and helping myself to an overflowing handful of tit. Then I turned to Cathy, where she sat staring slack-jawed at Princess Diana bent over the general's lap, begging to be spanked harder.

"Stand up, Cathycunt," I ordered.

Naturally, she obeyed. Even dressed in ordinary clothes like this, her tight little body was unmistakably sexy. Still, I could see her dressed whenever I wanted; I wasn't one to waste an opportunity. "Do a strip tease for me. Make it sexy enough, and I just might fuck you."

"Oh, that would be so kind of you, Robert." She smiled at me; her dulled brain wasn't good for much beyond obeying right now, but it still knew being fucked would be awesome. She undid the buttons on her blouse, hips undulating side to side. On-screen, Princess Diana was demonstrating her own stripping expertise to her mother the queen as she fondled her royal tits. As often happened when commands in the theater coincided with the action on the big screen, I saw Cathy was more or less mimicking the actress's movements. It was like an Asian version of Wonder Woman had come to life right in front of me.

Don't get me wrong, Gal Gadot was a world-class slut, absolutely top notch, but as I got my first glimpse of Cathy's naked tits in months, I didn't think I'd trade places with Queen Hippolyta right then. They were always just slightly bigger than I remembered, and ever so perky. With my "platonic" friend wriggling naked in front of me, I wouldn't have swapped

places even as her daughter ended her dance on her hands and knees, bent low to kiss her mother's feet in worship. Not even as the queen granted her permission to eat her out.

I stopped Cathy short as she went to take my cock in her mouth, still following the movie even if she had her back to it. I didn't know how the Hollywood Buzz worked, but everyone – all men, anyway – knew it didn't require looking at the screen. "Sit back down, slut," I said.

I didn't like to rush things. Some guys, they were nutting in their lady's mouth within minutes of the movie starting. Me? I knew that 141 minutes was plenty of time, and paced myself accordingly. With one girl under each arm, I took my time enjoying the feel of those tits – Ruby's a pair of weighty hemispheres, Cathy's two pert little teardrops – and took in more of the film.

*"So let me get this straight," the pilot said, "you have no men here? Just an island full of gorgeous bimbos?"*

*"Bimbos, no," Diana replied in her Israeli accent. "Ours is an ancient and sophisticated culture. I have spent my life reading countless volumes."*

*"Just my luck. Crash land on Babe Island, and it turns out everybody's some book nerd, cunts colder than the sea I nearly drowned in."*

*"I promise you, our cunts are very warm, and more eager for the pleasure of a man's thrusts than you can possibly know," she retorted. "There will be bidding on who is to receive your seed first; you will likely be given one by one to every woman in Themyscira."*

*"Fat chance of that. If I'm the only man you cock-starved sluts have, then it looks like I get to call the shots. See if I can't loosen up those pussies after all that neglect."*

*"Our pussies are not altogether neglected. While most of my study has been in pursuit of pleasing a man, all women of Themyscira are bisexual, ready to be used by man or woman."*

*"Study, you say? So all those books you've read...?"*

*The princess smiled. "Treatises on the many means of pleasuring males, of course. What else would be worth learning? I studied under General Antiope herself, the most pleasurable of the Amazons."*

*"Antiope... that was the babe on the beach with the nipple rings, right?" She nodded. "Why don't you go fetch her? I can't stay too long what with the war and all, but I definitely wanna fuck that bitch before I go. Better get your mom, too. See how high and mighty the queen looks down on her knees sucking me off."*

*"They will be most grateful for the opportunity," Diana said, then ran to obey. Her heart was full of jealousy; if this man meant to leave the island without using her, she would find a way to leave with him. She needed to please him.*

It was definitely pretty hot watching that haughty queen get slapped in the cheeks with Steve Trevor's cock, each time opening her mouth and extending her tongue in hopes she could get a taste. Still, the thing about going to the theater versus enjoying it later at home was that here, there were always distractions.

By now, I'd shifted to fingering Cathy and Ruby, knuckle deep in each girl as they wriggled and moaned. Out in the world, it was sometimes hard to focus on what they were saying when I could still remember these sounds. Then, just as Queen Hippolyta's eyes were bulging in surprise as the spy took her ass rather than her pussy, my attention was pulled back into the theater.

Thanks to the Hollywood Buzz, theaters had been repurposed to allow more space and comfort. It even kept noise in the theater from carrying more than a few feet somehow. So it was a surprise when suddenly a strange woman was flipped over the back of the row of seats in front of me. Mama Bear? No, one of her cubs – the cute blonde one. She was being fucked from behind by one of the bros, who as I looked high-fived the one next to him as he face-fucked the girl's mother. Her sisters were pressed tits-to-tits, sandwiched between two more of them as they both got fucked from behind.

As the girls started making out on command, I almost grew jealous – then I remembered who I'd come here with.

Ruby had already come at least once; she was always easy to get off. Cathy was close; the presence of the blonde girl's mouth reflexively sucking on her toes seemed to be bringing her closer. I almost laughed – I'd practically had to beg to get these girls to come see this movie with me, and here they were having all the orgasms.

"All right, sluts, each of you straddle a knee," I said, slouching down so there was plenty of lap for both of them.

They both obeyed, both murmured "Yes, Robert," in that dreamy way that made me wish they were bigger cinephiles. Cathy perched on my left, Ruby on my right; their tits blotted out the entire screen – which was just fine by me. Robin Wright and Connie Nielsen's racks were amazing, especially for their age (surgically enhanced, no doubt, but most starlets were these days); still, they weren't right here in front of me, begging to be sucked.

Literally.

"Please suck on my big titties, Robert," Ruby pleaded. "It's been so long since a man has had his mouth on them, and I can never get enough of your tongue. Look how big and sexy they are – just made for titty-fucking a man. Would you like that? Would you like me to titty-fuck you, Robert? I'd be delighted to."

"Nuh uh, I want him to suck on my boobies!" Cathy whined. "C'mon Robert, please? Don't you think they're cute? Aren't they sexy little boobies? I've seen you admiring them. Let me give them to you. Please? Please suck on them? My nipples are so sensitive, sometimes I can come just from a hot boy like you sucking on them."

That was true; I'd learned that when we went to see the second Hunger Games movie, listening to her gasp out a delicate little orgasm as I tried to suck her nipple off, while behind her Jennifer Lawrence was being triple-teamed by Liam Hemsworth, Josh Hutcherson and Woody Harrelson. Katniss Everdeen, the girl who never seemed to tire of volunteering as tribute.

I let Ruby and Cathy give me samples, taking turns shoving their bounty in my face, rubbing their boobs all over, practically smothering me in them when they saw I didn't seem to mind having them go at the same time. I couldn't see the movie any more, but I could still make out the audio.

*[Dramatic music.]*

*“Who is that down there?”*

*“Never seen her before – she just showed up, then ran down into the German trench and threw her feet in the air to surrender, thighs open and inviting any Kraut to invade.”*

*[More dramatic music. Unintelligible German words in amused and awestruck tones. Diana’s voice crying out in orgasm after orgasm, accompanied by the wet sound of cock after cock taking its turn.]*

*“She’s single-handedly taking on the entire enemy company!”*

*“Just like I told her. Now c’mon, you dogs, let’s get ‘em while their pants are down around their ankles!”*

*“Then it’s our turn, right?”*

*“First into their trench gets to be first in hers!”*

*[Battle cries sound in British accents.]*

“When will I get a turn, Robert?” complained Ruby as Cathy giddily took her place atop my cock.

“It’s not my fault she’s got a tighter pussy than you, my little Scarlet Bitch.” I’d given her that nickname when I’d cajoled her into coming to *Age of Ultron* with me, and she’d earned it again in *Civil War*. I didn’t usually like to role-play the on-screen action like some guys did, but having her suck my cock in time with the on-screen Olsen girl on Captain America was too hot to pass up – and Ruby’s Russian was a good match for the Witch’s Sokovian.

Ruby continued whining and demanding her turn (like usual, I’d told them to retain some of their basic personality traits), but Cathy was the one occupying most of my attention. She was such an incredible lay. I wondered sometimes whether that was the Buzz’s doing, or if she was just gifted. Not that it mattered; I’d long since decided I’d rather have her as my obedient little fuck toy at the movies once in a while than have to actually earn it the old-fashioned way.

“Quit complaining and wait your turn, Ruby,” she said finally, panting heavily as she bounced on my cock with near-gymnastic agility.

“But it’s not fair! I have these huge tits, I give them to him so eagerly, but he fucks you instead! All the boys want to fuck me – what did I do wrong?”

“Oh, you and your big ol’ titties can kiss my ass, Ruby,” said Cathy, giggling happily as I fingered her clit.

I smiled. “Actually…”

*“You don’t understand,” Wonder Woman insisted plaintively. “You have to let me seduce Ares – fucking me is the only thing that will stop him from fucking the whole world!”*

*He tightened the coils of the lasso of truth around her. “I thought we agreed, Diana. Your cunt belongs to me, and you’ll use it how and when I decide!”*

*“We agreed that you control me completely, Major Trevor,” she said, squirming as he casually fingered her pussy underneath her ultra-brief leather skirt.*

*“So why are you fighting me on this? Be a good little super-slut and just do what you’re told.” He lifted the skirt to expose her bare ass, giving the bubble butt a hard smack.*

*She gave him a long, sad look. “I promised you I would obey, and in Zeus’s name, nothing would give me more pleasure than bending over and being spanked into even deeper submission.”*

*“So why don’t you!” he yelled, lightning flashing in the background.*

*“Because I have sworn an oath to bring pleasure to all men. And if Ares has his way, there will be no men left to pleasure!” She kissed him then, fondling his crotch in her gloved hand. Then, in a burst of speed, she leapt into the sky fast so suddenly that neither her lasso nor her heeled boots could follow. The set of her jaw said she was unconcerned; soon, if she was to have a chance of saving the world, she would be wearing nothing at all.*

Ultimately, Ruby was doing such a good job of licking my cock (and Cathy’s cunt and ass) that I tossed the nubile Asian girl to the side and finished in her mouth. Not like they’d bear a grudge anyway. In fact...

“Thank you, Robert, that was delicious!” Ruby exclaimed. There it was. Nothing like using your friend’s mouth as a cum dumpster and having her thank you for the privilege.

I had the girls make out beside me, Cathy likewise praising me for the tastiness of the dregs of spunk she sucked out of our redheaded friend’s mouth, as I watched Wonder Woman charm Ares and persuade him to fuck her like she was Aphrodite herself. The special effects were good, but I felt like it detracted a little when he channeled lightning from the sky and down into her nipples, Diana reduced to a wailing, orgasming, slutty little mess.

With Ares’ energy spent in fucking her like only a god could, he acquiesced to her pleading to spare mankind, returning her to earth to sew pleasure and inspire lust in future generations. They did a little teaser for the next movie at the end, in which she responded to Batman’s letter with one offering herself to serve him, including a few naked photos to sweeten the deal.

By then I was in the midst of a three-way makeout with my normally frigid friends, which I continued right up until the standard warning issued that the Buzz would be fading soon. When the credits ended, the women in the theater would put their discarded clothes back on (or purchase fresh ones from the vendor at the door if they’d torn them off), and exit the theater oblivious to what they’d just witnessed. Only a minute or so to go.

“How’d you like the movie, sluts?” I asked, looking down to where the girls knelt at my feet.

“It was incredible, Robert,” gushed Cathy. “Set such a positive example for women. Young women could really use a role model like that who submits so completely.”

“And you, Ruby?”

“I still think it was shamelessly exploitative and treated women like we are sex objects that exist only to gratify the male libido.”

“But you are,” I said, giving her tits a last squeeze.

“I know,” she said with a smile. “I am saying that I enjoyed it.”





